

RAINED IN

A M*A*S*H* FAN FICTION EPISODE BY JORDAN C. LEWANS
(WRITTEN FROM 02009 to 02019)

[Opening Titles]

**[Around the poker table. The Swamp.
Hawkeye, Trapper, Colonel Blake, Radar,
Zale, and Klinger are present.]**

KLINGER: 3 of a kind, eights.

ZALE: Two queens.

RADAR: (sighs) Garbage.

COLONEL BLAKE: Three fish hooks.

TRAPPER: Nothin' worth staying for, whatta
you got Hawk?

HAWKEYE: Two aces come up dry. Looks like
you win another, Henry...

P.A. GUY: ATTENTION ALL PERSONNEL! CANADIAN
TROOPS HAVE BEEN HIT BY A CHINESE
PUNCHTHROUGH! EXPECT CASUALTIES WITHIN HALF
AN HOUR!

[They all begin scooping up their prizes]

TRAPPER: Another hand, and I would have had
to start betting my hair.

HAWKEYE: What does alpaca go for these days?

[Looks at Henry]

HAWKEYE: Wouldn't you figure it, the
commander gets the bucks.

COLONEL BLAKE: Good thing too; I buy the liquor.

HAWKEYE: Ah, the still will look even better in a few hours...

[Everyone walks out]

[Operating room. Everyone's hard at work.]

HAWKEYE: More suction.

[Frank walks up, looks down at Hawkeye's patient.]

FRANK: You certainly could use that suction Pierce. Someone could rig up a diving board and swim in that blood.

HAWKEYE: You do resemble a mosquito.

[Frank snorts, and walks over to the free operating table, where his patient is being patient. Colonel Blake is also there, looking down at the soldier.]

COLONEL BLAKE: I saw fewer contusions on my players when I was managing for Illinois.

[Klinger walks by, carrying a tray of instruments.]

KLINGER: One of the Canadian sergeants outside told me the Chinese were trying to save ammo, so they got in close and tried bashing their way through.

FRANK: Well, that's easy, just these ribs then...

COLONEL BLAKE: Better take a look at his head too, Frank-

FRANK: -I'll GET to it!

COLONEL BLAKE: Hope so, you say you're good at heads.

[In Radar's office. He's on the phone.]

RADAR: Yeah... really? You think so?! Oh golly... oh I'm sorry sir. Thank you sir.

[Runs out of his office.]

[Operating room. Radar comes in with a mouth mask on.]

RADAR: Colonel?

COLONEL BLAKE: Yo!

RADAR: Sir, I just got a report that says that a hurricane is going to hit Japan tomorrow, and that record rain levels are expected Tuesday.

TRAPPER: Great! We can put Frank in a pot outside and he'll get healthier skin!

HAWKEYE: Or will he just get greener skin?

FRANK: Colonel!!

COLONEL BLAKE: Is it really that serious Radar?

RADAR: I wouldn't count on our tents sir, even some of the buildings could get leaks.

COLONEL BLAKE: Alright Radar, senior staff meeting in my office after this session, there's only a couple more kids to go.

[In the office. Hawkeye yawns, while Trapper taps his fingers on his knee. Margaret is inspecting her fingernails, while Franks just sits with his arms crossed.]

Radar comes in, followed by Colonel Blake. Radar immediately goes to the liquor cabinet and pulls out a shot glass and a bottle of gin. Puts the glass on the desk and pours a shot for the good Colonel.]

COLONEL BLAKE: Alright then, so, we got a storm comin' it seems. [sits down] Major?

MARGARET: [picks up a folder] Yes Colonel, according to standard operating procedure -

COLONEL BLAKE: Radar, do you know what's on that file she's holding?

RADAR: Yes sir.

COLONEL BLAKE: Well, let's hear it.

RADAR: Well, according to aerial reconnaissance, the Chinese are digging in for the storm, and the front isn't planning an attack during that time, so we shouldn't be getting any casualties.

COLONEL BLAKE: What about the camp?

[Colonel Blake takes the shot of gin. Radar goes to pour him another.]

RADAR: Well, they said several inches of rain will hit Korea. Zale placed an urgent order for rain gear for the personnel and

the quarters. We're hoping the truck will be here by 4'o clock tomorrow afternoon.

COLONEL BLAKE: When's the storm going to hit?

RADAR: Tomorrow evening, maybe early Tuesday morning, sir.

COLONEL BLAKE: Anything we can do until then?

RADAR: We're recommended that everyone dig little trenches around their tents, to keep the water from getting inside.

HAWKEYE: Right, we don't want Frank's gills to open up again.

COLONEL BLAKE: Well, I think we can handle that tomorrow. Everyone who's not on post-op shifts or urgent other work can work on the berms.

[Colonel Blake takes a long slow drink of gin from the shot glass.]

[Hawkeye and Trapper leave for The Swamp. Margaret and Frank stand up. Margaret says loudly as she and Frank leave:]

MARGARET: We'll meet back in here at 0800 tomorrow morning for briefings, Colonel!

[She leaves with Frank. Colonel Blake is still slowing pouring the gin down. Finally, he finishes, and slaps the shot glass onto his desktop.]

COLONEL BLAKE: Dismissed!

[The Swamp. Hawkeye and Trapper walk in. They each crash onto their cots.]

HAWKEYE: I feel like having another shower.

TRAPPER: But the nurses are already asleep.

[Hawkeye lifts a martini glass and pours its contents onto his head.]

[Mess tent. Breakfast. Hawkeye and Trapper and Kaplan the dentist are sitting there.]

KAPLAN: Is this scrambled eggs, or plastic explosive?

HAWKEYE: I think I might do an autopsy on this sausage.

TRAPPER: This orange juice would do better as rust remover!

[Colonel Blake walks in, and walks up to their table.]

BLAKE: Hawk?

HAWKEYE: **[Some food in his mouth.]** Hmm?

BLAKE: Are you going to get to the trench around your tent?

[Frank walks up with his tray]

FRANK: Well I should hope so! Those two hooligans make all the messes around our tent already anyway.

BLAKE: Well, Zale has the shovels, for when you're ready for them.

HAWKEYE: We can handle it, Frank. I'd rather do some digging than do an operation on your hernia.

[Inside the supply tent. Zale is there, looking over a clipboard. There's a knock at the door.]

ZALE: Yo!

[Hawkeye and Trapper walk in.]

HAWKEYE: Zale?

ZALE: Yeah?

TRAPPER: We could use a couple spades.

ZALE: Now don't start with me, Doc. You were dealing when I had that hand.

TRAPPER: No, shovels. We'd like a pair of those instead.

ZALE: Oh, right. Yeah, over by the tetracycline there's a couple.

[Hawkeye and Trapper walk over to the shovels, while Zale scribbles something on the clipboard. Hawkeye and Trapper return with spades in hands.]

HAWKEYE: Is that truck of rain gear ever coming Zale?

ZALE: Quartermaster's says that it could be delayed; they think the Chinese may have mined the roads, and we can't get choppers to pick it up 'cause they've been grounded due to the storm!

[Ambulance goes by to reveal Radar and Colonel Blake walking towards the camera in the compound. Colonel Blake is in his robe and has a towel over his shoulder. Radar is holding a clipboard.]

COLONEL BLAKE: Alright, Radar, so what's happened so far?

RADAR: Alright, sir, we've got the hole in the nurse's shower repaired..

COLONEL BLAKE: How'd you manage that?

RADAR: Zale gave me a paratrooper chute and I used scissors.

COLONEL BLAKE: Oh!

RADAR: ...and, uh, we're having everyone reinforce the roofs of the tents. And, uh, some of the enlisted men are going to build a berm around the cesspool. Just to make sure it doesn't flood during the storm.

COLONEL BLAKE: Thaaat's something we do not want. Any news on the rain gear shipment?

RADAR: Still not here yet.

COLONEL BLAKE: Well, I hope it will be soon, or else I might just have you put in a requisition to the navy for lifejackets and float rings.

[Father Mulcahy is working on the berm around his tent. Hawkeye and Trapper walk by with their shovels.]

FATHER MULCAHY: Good morning, captains!

HAWKEYE: Easy with the military lingo, Father. Got anything special planned for the storm?

FATHER MULCAHY: There's a prayer in time of storms that might be useful.

HAWKEYE: I might see you about that if this turns out to be torrential.

[One of the nurses (lieutenant) is working on the berm around her tent. Hawkeye and Trapper appear in the background, walking from the compound to their own tent.

Hawkeye passes close to the nurse, putting his arm around her waist as he passes.]

HAWKEYE: You look like you could use a little assistance...

NURSE: I think I can manage it myself.

HAWKEYE: Well, there is something about the working woman that I love. Maybe when the storm gets here we can invert an umbrella and float merrily down the river?

TRAPPER: Come on, Hawk. I for one don't want to wake up tomorrow morning with jungle rot.

[Hawkeye lets go & they continue to walk.]

HAWKEYE: What are you worried about? We're both from the east coast. Not like we've never seen a little rain in our lives.

[They reach their tent, and begin putting spades in the soil.]

HAWKEYE: If it weren't for the wounded last night, the supply trucks might have been able to bring in sandbags instead of us being volunteered to join engineers.

[Klinger's tent. Klinger is outside with an unlit cigar in his mouth and a new dress on. Radar walks by with a clipboard and pen.]

RADAR: New dress Klinger?

[Klinger straightens up, takes his cigar out of his mouth, turns to Radar.]

KLINGER: For gardening.

RADAR: You know, my mother could really use one of those!

KLINGER: It was in the fall edition of last year's Spiegel Catalogue, if you're interested.

RADAR: I'll tell her when I write her a letter.

KLINGER: I recommend the burgundy shawl, it matches the dirt more.

RADAR: Alright... **[Radar keeps walking.**

Klinger pops his cigar back in and returns to work.]

[Radar goes into his office and sits at his desk. He cranks the phone up and puts it to his ear.]

RADAR: Sparky!? Yeah, Radar here. Any news on the storm yet? ...What?... Houses... Floating away?... Come on Sparky, is there really any news?... Oh, your comic books... Yeah, that makes sense. Yeah, I sent half those to you, so a lifejacket for the comic books would be the way to go. Yeah. Yeah alright, I'll call you back in an hour or so. Alright, bye Sparky.

[Click.]

[Artillery shells go off, knocking the lights out temporarily]

[Colonel Blake's in the shower. Shells go off, shaking the tent. Blake ducks down out of sight.]

[Zale's in the supply tent, still looking down at his clipboard, scribbling away. Shelling shakes a box at the top shelf, causing it to slide off. Without even looking up, Zale catches it one-handed, and flicks back onto the top.]

[In The Swamp. Hawkeye and Trapper are lying on their bunks, lazily waiting for the shelling to stop. Frank is holding his pistol.]

FRANK: If those little yellow reds want to come for us now, we'll be ready!

HAWKEYE: Oh yeah, Frank?

[Hawkeye takes his shovel and pretends it to be a rifle. He "cocks" the pretend rifle, and Trapper does the same.]

[Back in Radar's office. Radar is nowhere to be seen. The telephone rings, and a hand appears from under the desk and pulls the phone down underneath. Radar's voice answers.]

RADAR: MASH 4077th! Yes, we ARE being shelled! I don't know how many hit, I'm takin' cover here! ...He's in the shower right now, I can take a message! ...YES, I'm authorised to take messages, I'm the company clerk! ...I'M NINETEEN! ...Oh yeah? Alright.
[Hangs up.]

[Radar emerges from under the desk, wearing a standard army helmet, as well as his football shoulder pads. The shelling has stopped, so he runs out to the showers.]

[In the showers. Colonel Blake's water is still running, but the Colonel is not seen. Radar's pops in.]

RADAR: Sir!?

[Colonel Blake slowly stands up, looking a bit nervous.]

RADAR: Colonel, Division HQ was just on the phone, and they said that the route between

us and them is being shelled! And we just got shelled too!

COLONEL: I was able to hear the shelling over the shower, Radar.

RADAR: But the road sir! We aren't going to be getting those heavy rain gear supplies!

[Suddenly, Colonel Blake starts yelping and leaping around in his shower stall with a shocked expression on his face.]

RADAR: Colonel, THE SHELLING'S STOPPED NOW!

COLONEL: THE WATER, IT GOT COLD!!

[Colonel Blake leaps out of the shower, runs around the shower tent drying himself off frantically, and then exits the shower with the towel around himself. Radar begins to follow, but then quickly moves back to turn off the shower, but then stops himself, and says to himself:]

RADAR: Well, if it's cold, no one wants it. I'll put in a requisition for some more hot stuff later.

[Radar runs out.]

[Outside The Swamp. Trapper and Hawkeye have resumed digging the berm. Frank is still inside, ready to wage war. Trapper mutters to Hawkeye:]

TRAPPER: Hawk, it isn't fair that we're out here busting our hands while Doctor

Dinglheimer sits inside playing Cowboys and Indians. What if Division is wrong and we do get patients coming in?

[Hawkeye looks back surreptitiously at Frank inside the tent, as Frank looks out the other way. He nods at Trapper reassuringly.]

HAWKEYE: Frank!?

[Frank turns around.]

FRANK: Whaddya want!?

[Hawkeye continues to dig.]

HAWKEYE: What kind of gun do you got there?

FRANK: It's a forty-five calibre automatic pistol. What's it to ya?

HAWKEYE: Close-quarters weapon?

FRANK: Yes!

HAWKEYE: How much ammo do you got?

FRANK:[disconcertedly] Two magazines.

HAWKEYE: Hmm. Remember the wounded yesterday? How their sergeant said that the Chinese were smashing their way through the lines?

FRANK: So?

HAWKEYE [still shovelling]: Well, you know what Frank? One the best tools... for close-quarters combat... is a common shovel.

FRANK:[with interest] Really?

[Suddenly, Franks jumps off his bunk and leaps out of The Swamp, and runs to the supply tent.]

[Trapper chuckles as they continue to dig.]

TRAPPER: I never figured you would know anything about combat tactics, Hawk.

HAWKEYE: Are you kidding? After treating all these kids who've come through here, I could write a book for the U.S. Army on the most lethal fighting techniques... then I'd burn it.

[Zale is in the supply tent, tearing off a page from his clipboard. Frank darts in.]

FRANK: Sergeant?

ZALE: Sir?

FRANK: Where are the spades?

[Zale looks over at him incredulously, then stands square-shouldered to Frank.]

ZALE: Are you and the captains in on this together?! HE dealt the spades, and the hearts too!

FRANK: Don't be ABSURD! I never play poker!

ZALE: Too bad, I could use some extra cash.

FRANK: WHERE are the SHOVELS, Zale!

ZALE: Do you know where the tetracycline is?

FRANK: Don't play games with me, now WHERE ARE THE SHOVELS!?

ZALE: What letter does "shovel" start with?

FRANK: What?

ZALE: Where one finds tetracycline, shovels are right near it.

[Frank calculates in his head, then darts over and runs off with two shovels.]

[Hawkeye and Trapper are digging, when they see Frank return. They are hoping Frank will put his spade in the ground next to them, but instead, Frank runs into The Swamp, grabs a bottle of perfume out from under his pillow, and darts away.]

HAWKEYE: Rotten luck.

TRAPPER: And everything else too!

HAWKEYE: I thought he might actually give us a hand.

TRAPPER: I think he's going to get Hot Lips to give him HER hand.

[Frank approaches Margaret's tent. There are four non-coms digging a 15-inch berm around her tent. One of them is Igor.]

FRANK: What are you guys doing?

IGOR: Major Houlihan put us to this detail sir.

FRANK [with relief]: Oh. Where is the major?

IGOR: I think she's in post-op sir.

[In post-op. Margaret's checking a patient's clipboard. Frank sneaks up behind

her with his signature grin, and opens the bottle of perfume behind her neck. She notices the scent, and turns around and smiles at Frank.]

MARGARET [with frustration]: Major Burns! Why are you always sneaking up behind my back?

FRANK: The storm's coming this evening major.

MARGARET: I know! I DO read the weather reports!

FRANK [in a quieter voice]: Well, I thought since there is only so much space in The Swamp, I thought maybe you and I could take shelter in your tent once the cats and dogs start coming down, hmm?

MARGARET [turns around with a surprised smile]: I have a better idea!

FRANK: What's that?

MARGARET: Well, the Colonel will probably be intoxicated by the time the real weather sets in. You could organise the preparation efforts, and once it's over, I'll write a letter to General Clayton recommending you for a promotion.

FRANK [with a devious smile]: And then?

MARGARET: And then, you get transferred out of Korea, and then you request a transfer for me to your new unit.

FRANK: So I get a promotion-

MARGARET [cutting in]: -and we'll both be out of here.

[They giggle together]

[Trapper's shovel slaps the berm around the Swamp]

TRAPPER [leaning against his shovel]: Well Hawk, I'd say that this is a berm.

HAWKEYE: Looks about a foot high in most spots.

TRAPPER: What worries me is the operating room, post-op, and the supply tent. We can't work in flood conditions, and I don't want to take a chance that our supplies might be ruined by the water either.

HAWKEYE: I got an idea. Let's go see Zale again.

[in the supply tent]

HAWKEYE: Zale, how many spare boxes do you have? Of any size?

ZALE: Dozens. Why, do you need 'em?

TRAPPER: The operating room and post-op need to be doubly reinforced in case the camp gets flooded. You need to keep the inventory from getting in the water. If we could just dump the contents of the boxes onto the high shelves, and fill the boxes with the soil, we could make a lot better reinforcements against water than a dirt berm like we've dug around our tents.

ZALE: You're a genius, sir! How did you ever make captain?

HAWKEYE: A stroke of bad luck led us to this latrine landfill, Zale.

[Out around the operating and post-op building, Hawkeye, Trapper, Zale, and a few dozen other volunteers are helping fill boxes with dirt to make water barriers.]

HAWKEYE: **[finishing filling a box with dirt]**: I don't know if we'll have enough boxes to surround the entire building, Trap. And who knows which direction the flooding could start from first.

TRAPPER: All we can do is improvise. We're reusing boxes that would have been shipped out of here anyways, it's of no cost to us.

ZALE: That's true, captains. QC can't get supplies to us because of the mined roads, so nobody's going to need these boxes, except us.

[filling boxes continues]

TRAPPER: I just had a bad thought.

HAWKEYE: Yeah?

TRAPPER: The storm's got the choppers grounded, and the mined roads got supplies by truck slowed down. What happens if our boys start getting shelled, and they're wounded? The helicopters won't be able to take anybody anywhere, and even if the roads are cleared of mines, the mud from the rain could slow them down or stop them completely. Even if the aid station medics are able to get the wounded in here,

quartermasters won't be able to send us supplies for quite a while.

[Watching from a distance are Margaret and Frank]

FRANK: What are they doing?

MARGARET: It looks like Pierce and McIntyre are commanding a detail.

FRANK: But this was supposed to be my operation.

[The two of them storm up to the captains]

HAWKEYE [looks up and sees them]: Grab shovels, we need help here.

FRANK: As ranking officer, I order you, Pierce, to hand over command of this detail.

HAWKEYE: I know what you can do, Frank. When the flood comes, you can go skip rocks on the minefield.

MARGARET: Captain Pierce! Major Burns is a superior officer-

TRAPPER [cutting in]: -and a superior failure.

MARGARET [fuming]: Why ever did Colonel Blake give you control of this detail?

HAWKEYE: Henry didn't give me this detail, me and Trapper thought of it and took it on like the independent-minded and delirious boys that we are.

FRANK: Now hear this, Pierce! I will be seeing the Colonel about this, and I'll have you arrested for mutiny and for unauthorised

construction activities on government property!

HAWKEYE: I'm PROTECTING government property from the flood by building water barriers, some property of which includes the wounded! And what mutiny? You were never in charge of this project.

[Margaret and Frank storm off while everybody continues working]

[In Colonel Blake's office]

COLONEL BLAKE: Frank, we're all members of this big green family, and we all live in this unit. If something happens to the patients, we ALL look bad.

FRANK: But I'M ranking officer!

[rapidly]: Besides, you say yourself that Pierce is a better surgeon than me, so why should he be commanding a construction detail when he could be, say, working post-op?

MARGARET: Colonel, there are three superior officers to Pierce in this unit. One of us could be commanding this detail.

COLONEL BLAKE [turns away from his liquor cabinet with a bottle of whisky in hand, as he walks over to his desk]: Let's start from the top. Major, have you overseen the nurses' tents and your own being reinforced against possible flooding?

MARGARET: Yes, Colonel.

COLONEL BLAKE: Well then majors, if post-op isn't needing any assistance, then I suggest you make sure all other buildings are barricaded against water.

FRANK [gently fuming]: Yes, Colonel.

[Frank and Margaret walking out into the compound. As they walk by the PA speaker, it suddenly shrieks to life]

P.A. GUY: ATTENTION!!

[Frank and Margaret nearly jump out of their boots]

P.A. GUY: MAJORS BURNS AND HOULIHAN!!
PLEASE RETURN TO COLONEL BLAKE'S OFFICE!

[Frank and Margaret turn to each other, puzzled, and then go back the way they came]

[Colonel Blake is at his desk, he has a very small smile as Frank and Margaret walk in]

FRANK: Colonel?

BLAKE: Majors, I am reversing my previous order. Frank, you'll be overseeing this flood mitigation project. Major Houlihan, you'll be assisting him: get any of the enlisted you need to help you see this through.

[The majors beam]

MARGARET: Thank-you, Colonel!

[Henry slowly gets up from his desk to follow the majors out]

MARGARET [whispers to Frank]: For once, he's seeing reason!

[We return to Hawkeye and Trapper filling the crates with soil. Henry, Frank, and Margaret arrive]

BLAKE: Captains.

HAWKEYE: Henry! If you want to put us in for a Silver Star, Trap and I can share it.

TRAPPER: Just saw it down the middle!

HAWKEYE: It'll look great for our yearly parade square appearance.

BLAKE: There'll be no medals for you two, and no work for you two here anymore either. I'm giving this project to Burns and Houlihan.

CAPTAINS, IN UNISON: What?!

BLAKE: Ranking officers are getting the flood prep file. I want you two to pull post-op.

TRAPPER: It's just scratches and bruises in post-op!

HAWKEYE: You're giving a project this important to THEM?

BLAKE: Yes, I am. Drop those shovels.

HAWKEYE: Henry!-

BLAKE: Both of you. In my office. Now.

[Bewildered and humiliated, the captains drop their shovels and follow Henry to his office, Margaret and Frank look triumphant]

FRANK: Now... things will shape up around here!

[Henry, Hawkeye, and Trapper walking into the Colonel's office]

HAWKEYE: No good deed ever goes unpunished, eh Trap?

TRAPPER: You're not seriously pinning us to post-op duty all day, are you?

BLAKE: No.

HAWKEYE: What?

[Henry pulls out his humidor and sets it on his desk. He opens it for the captains, and then gets up to go to his liquor cabinet]

BLAKE: Put your feet up, boys.

[Hawkeye and Trapper glance at each other as Henry feels around the bottles]

TRAPPER: Your transfer requests are in Radar's office, Henry.

HAWKEYE: If that's what you're looking for.

BLAKE: Are you kidding? **[he turns around and brings over a bottle of rye]**

TRAPPER: Are you?

BLAKE: It's logical.

[Henry begins pouring the rye into three glasses]

HAWKEYE: What are you talking about?

BLAKE: You're not in the doghouse, gents.

[Moment of silence as Hawkeye and Trapper watch dumbly while Henry pours the rye]

BLAKE: The wounded in post-op will be fine. Our reports are saying the North is digging in so there won't be many casualties for a while.

But if there are, we need to manage the hospital and manage the flood risk. The engineers can't help us; they're busy trying to take those Chinese landmines off the roads.

[Taking a glass and having a shot]

BLAKE: Somebody from this unit has to be in charge of the construction.

HAWKEYE: Yeah, and surely we can find somebody better to do it than those two dopes!

BLAKE: Better them than you.

TRAPPER: What for?

[Pours another drink, smiles at them]

BLAKE: For the next 48 hours, we can afford to have only half the surgical staff on duty. If I work on keeping on headquarters's butts, and the majors are working on the construction, you two can

take care of the wounded without any fresh supplies, if the condition of any of them worsens. If Frank trips his hernia again, or if Margaret's hands are too chafed for closing sutures, it won't matter.

[Trapper and Hawkeye look at each other, in sudden realisation of Henry's brilliant plan]

BLAKE: In the meantime, if the conditions of all the patients are stable... drink up.

[Pulls a cigar from the humidor]

[Hawkeye and Trapper simultaneously get up from their chairs to go pick up their drinks and smokes]

TRAPPER: Behind the smokescreen, there's the brilliance!

HAWKEYE: And even more smoke.

[Henry lights their cigars for them]

HAWKEYE: But what about the aid stations?

BLAKE: What about 'em?

TRAPPER: The roads are blocked off, and the choppers are grounded. What if they need to get our wounded here, or what if we need to deliver supplies to them?

BLAKE: Radar?!

[Radar comes in with a Korean man in a dirty robe and a big rain hat]

RADAR: I brought Mr Kwok in with his donkey cart, sir.

BLAKE: Did you bring in Mr Kwok with his donkey cart, son?

[They say this simultaneously over each other]

TRAPPER: What's this about?

HAWKEYE: Mr Kwok? We have a Kwok too!

BLAKE: Yes, this is Nurse Kwok's uncle. He farmed in the valley before the war, now he runs supplies from the rear to the front for the ROK.

MR. KWOK: Two buck, one trip!

RADAR AND BLAKE: Mr. Kwok has volunt-

[They pause. Radar goes silent for the Colonel]

BLAKE: Mr. Kwok has volunteered to bring some of the extra medical supplies we won't need to the aid station two miles north. Nick Saunders just got off the horn with us and asked for some extra morphine and iodine.

TRAPPER: Well, how's poor Mr. Kwok supposed to get there? If the army can't use the roads, he certainly can't!

BLAKE: He won't be using the main roads.
His cart and donkey use the mountain trails.
Only the locals know the way.

HAWKEYE: Is it safe?

RADAR: They can't be mined, sir. The soil's
too thin, and the slope's too steepish on
the hillsides to climb straight up. The
only way to get on the trails is here at
M*A*S*H* and at the aid station.

TRAPPER [clap]: Now I say that calls for a
toast!

**[Trapper, Hawkeye, and Blake stand up with
Radar and Uncle Kwok]**

RADAR: Mr. Kwok. **[hands him a glass of rye]**

UNCLE KWOK [takes the glass and nods:

Kamsmnida.

BLAKE: Boys...

[Everybody clinks glasses]

BLAKE: I don't see how Burns could screw
this up.

**[It's a while later now. We see Frank enter
Radar's office. Radar is slumped on his
right arm at his desk, asleep with his mouth
a little open. Frank notices him and walks
over]**

FRANK: Corporal?

[No response. Frank furtively leans over Radar and takes a sniff]

FRANK: Yee willies.

[Frank shudders and proceeds into Colonel Blake's office. Mr. Kwok is sitting at Henry's desk with an army hat and jacket on. Henry, Hawkeye, and Trapper are sitting off to the sides of the room.]

FRANK: Oh, I'm sorry Colonel. I didn't realise you were holding audience with another Colonel, Colonel.

[Henry stirs, quite plastered]

TRAPPER: Frank, meet Colonel Kwok, R.O.K.

[Frank, fake charm]

FRANK: What brings you to the 4077th, sir?

[Uncle Kwok, in thick accent]

KWOK: Civilian assistance program, major. My personnel are here to assist your flood prevention effort.

FRANK: Oh, sounds good!

KWOK: ... for 25 cents per help.

[Frank's mouth drops a little]

HAWKEYE: You're footing the bill, Frank!

[Hawkeye gets up and puts his arm around Frank's shoulder, partly to prop himself up]

FRANK: Oh, well, it's no big deal, I can expense it before next month's paycheque-

HAWKEYE: You know, Frank... if you eat their day wages... the army will take that into consideration when the citation recommendations come into formation. **[slurs the last word]**

[Frank lights up a little, reluctantly, but turns back around to face Uncle Kwok]

FRANK: How many men do you have ready, Colonel?

KWOK: I have ten outside now. They already have spades and hoes.

[Frank looks at the ceiling and begins calculating on his fingers]

KWOK: Payable in pennies and nickels, please.

[Frank looks startled again]

FRANK: I don't HAVE that many nickels and pennies!

[Uncle Kwok wrinkles his nose]

KWOK [facetiously]: I don't want your paper dollars. It will get soaked!

HAWKEYE: Looks like you'll have to use the camp cash register, Frank!

FRANK: What cash camp register?!

[Hawkeye gestures to the door]

HAWKEYE: You go to Rosie's Bar, you exchange your dollar bills and quarters for pennies and nickels.

[Scene immediately shifts into Rosie's Bar]

FRANK: Fifty percent interest?!

ROSIE: After the rain passes, I want the coins back.

FRANK: What for??!

ROSIE: Bills too big. We can't buy things around here for anything more big than a dollar!

[A truck passes in front of the camera to reveal Frank glumly walking in the distance towards the camera alongside Margaret]

MARGARET: It was a very noble thing of you to do.

FRANK: Meh, being noble just means the PEASANTS want more of your money. **[spits the "P" in "peasants"]**

MARGARET: It was for the good of the outfit.

FRANK: Those ditch-diggers can't even afford paper, and they have fine lines! Two bucks fifty just to get them to put the shovels in the ground, then a nickel tip for each of

them. Plus the interest Rosie's charging me. I'm out five bucks!

MARGARET: Frank, payday was only four days ago, what did you do with all your money??

FRANK [quickly]: I sent it to my wife.

[Margaret kicks Frank in the hamstring and storms off. Frank yelps and leaps when he is kicked, pouts a moment as Margaret leaves, and then has an idea. He marches for the camp office. He walks in and finds Radar still asleep and drunk on his desk. He shoves Radar aside and Radar slops to the floor. He begins cranking the dial, fiddles with the plugs a few times.]

FRANK: This is Major Frank Burns... Radar?

[Frank looks down at the crumpled corporal on the floor. Quickly turns back to the phone.] He's absent... put me through to QC...

[While he waits for Sparky to put him through, he scowls away from the mouthpiece towards the door] I'll show Margaret...

Quartermaster Corps? This is the M*A*S*H* 4077. Listen, we need a delivery of some extra supplies. We're making preparations for the rain later... yes, we need sandbags, rain gear... dehumidifiers? **[Frank thinks a moment]** Yes, yes, dehumidifiers! How many you got? Half a dozen? We'll take 'em all! Oh... they're in Japan... can you fly them out to us? Airdrop! Yes, I know flights have been grounded, but it's an emergency! It's on the order of - **[pauses to look towards Henry's office, then turns back to the**

phone] - it's on the order of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Blake... under seven hours? Good, good good good. Thank-you sergeant. **[Hangs up the phone. Grins to himself. Says under his breath]:** That'll show Margaret. And those three goofs who think they run this show.

[A brief shot of a DC-3 taking off from an airport under very cloudy skies]

[Frank struts out of the office into the compound, looking very pleased with himself. He strolls by Mr. Kwok's folks as they shore up the berms. He continues to smile, hands on his hips. He hears a distant thunder rumble to the east. He squints off in that direction.]

FRANK: Stupid storm.

[As he says this, some rain drops start to fall on him, and he begins running crazily back to the Swamp.]

[He reaches the Swamp. His jacket is wet. Trapper is lounging on his cot.]

TRAPPER: Salue, Brutus.

FRANK: Begh. I hate Mexican.

[Frank starts to dig through his footlocker for a slicker]

FRANK: When this unit gets through with these cats and dogs that are supposedly on their way, the only one getting a Silver Star is ME.

TRAPPER: You're really serious about this, Frank?

FRANK: An emergency's an emergency.

TRAPPER: Wish you felt the same way about O.R.

FRANK [snapping a shirt sleeve against the rim of his locker and whipping around to face Trapper]: SURGERY is a little harder than getting trenches for flood prep!

TRAPPER: Frank, you'd have made a great cemetery custodian.

[Frank slaps the side of his footlocker and stands up]

FRANK: WHERE is my rain slicker?!

TRAPPER: Oh. Hawk needed it for an emergency.

FRANK [sarcastic]: Oh? What emergency was that?

TRAPPER: He had to go put Nurse Mason under cover before the rain washed her away.

[We cut to a scene of a Jeep with a couple of rain slickers propped up on wooden posts over it. Hawkeye and Nurse Mason are sitting in the Jeep.]

MASON: The rain is really starting to come down now.

HAWKEYE: So should we. That's why I brought this.

[Flourishes a knit blanket]

MASON: Oh! Do you think we should??

HAWKEYE: Can't have you catching pneumonia, or else we'll have to move the date to post-op-

P.A. GUY: ATTENTION! WILL CAPTAINS PIERCE AND MCINTYRE, AND MAJOR HOULIHAN, PLEASE REPORT TO COLONEL BLAKE?!

[Mason looks at Hawkeye suspiciously, Hawkeye looks back innocuously.]

HAWKEYE: I swear, it's not what it sounds like!

[In Colonel Blake's office. He is standing, sort of pacing around behind his desk.]

BLAKE: SOMEBODY has put in a major requisition, and in doing so breached Command's air exclusion order! And they claimed it was MY orders.

TRAPPER: Maybe Radar put it in for you.

BLAKE: Radar doesn't do anything without my permission... at least nothing that big. I just got a call on the horn with an administrator from QC telling me that the drop zone for our supplies will be about a mile south of here, near Naengjeong-ri. Apparently they'll be here in six hours, but

we can't confirm it because the storm has got the plane's radio all screwy.

MARGARET [sensing that this is Frank's work]: The extra supplies are a good safety measure, Colonel.

BLAKE [not impressed]: Good, Margaret, you can command the pick-up detail. It'll be pouring rain in the dark and you can bring some enlisted men to pull the supply crates out of the mud when they land.

TRAPPER [grinning and putting his arm around Margaret]: Hey, you'll have parachutes to wear to keep dry. **[She snaps her shoulder to shove him away.]**

[A soaked Frank storms into the office.]

FRANK: Pierce!

BLAKE: Frank, you're supposed to be watching the trenches detail!

FRANK: I need to find my rain slicker!

HAWKEYE: My Jeep borrowed it. It hates to get its seats wet!

BLAKE: Frank, did you put in an emergency requisition for sandbags, dehumidifiers, and raincoats?

FRANK: Of course. **[rapidly]** As second in command, I felt it was my duty to ensure the unit was prepared as best as possible.

BLAKE [looking at a sheet of paper]: The sandbags you requested are empty - no sand, just bags. We'd have to fill them all ourselves.

FRANK [vexed]: QC didn't tell me that!

BLAKE [continues down the sheet of paper]:
Westinghouse dehumidifiers... run on civilian
electrical sockets. [looks up at Frank with
a tired smile] We don't HAVE electrical
sockets, Frank.

[Frank's mouth drops. Henry continues.]

BLAKE: Raincoats. Colour: yellow. Frank,
even at night, if a sniper sees somebody
wearing yellow, the person under that
raincoat is as good as gone. [casts the
paper into his garbage basket]
Congratulations, Frank. You've just ordered
us a cargo plane full of useless supplies,
and endangered the crew doing it... how do you
and Major Houlihan plan to carry out this
pick-up detail?

MARGARET: With enough enlisted men, we can
easily-

BLAKE: The main road is closed, Margaret.
G2 thinks that guerrillas could be mining
the roads under cover of the rain. I'm not
risking any of you getting blown sky-high,
or me getting court-martialled, for crossing
the MPs.

HAWKEYE: Mr. Kwok.

FRANK: Who's he?

HAWKEYE: Mr. Kwok and his donkey cart. He
can come with us through the mountains to
Naengjeong-ri and he can help us recruit a
wagon train to carry the supplies once the
gooney bird gets here.

TRAPPER: Unless Five O'Clock Charlie finds the bird first.

BLAKE: Five O'Clock Charlie isn't crazy enough to be flying in this weather...
[looking down in daze] then again, maybe he is.

MARGARET: Where is this Mr. Kwok now?

BLAKE: He's up at the aid station delivering some goods to Captain Saunders. He'll be back in a couple of hours, I'm sure. Hawk, you go with the majors down to Naengjeong-ri as soon as Mr. Kwok returns to scrounge up some help. McIntyre, is The Swamp more or less waterproofed?

TRAPPER: Hah, it never has been!

BLAKE: Well, that has to change. I can't have our surgeons getting clammy, we need you dry and clean in case we have to do any more surgeries in the next couple of days.

TRAPPER: What do you want me to do?

FRANK [suddenly jumps in]: I STILL need my rain slicker!

BLAKE: Use Frank's rain slicker.

FRANK: Colonel!

BLAKE: Frank-

FRANK: I don't know about these two mole rats, but my part of the tent is perfectly waterproof!

BLAKE: Great. If Trapper or Hawkeye get soaked, you can do their work for them.

[Frank stops in realisation and sucks on his lower lip]

HAWKEYE: Come on, Frank. [takes him around his shoulder] I hear Rosie sells great umbrellas in her gift shop...

[We cut to Margaret and Frank at Rosie's.]

MARGARET: Ah, these are gorgeous!

ROSIE: I give officer discounts. One dollar for two item.

[Frank reluctantly reaches into his pocket]

ROSIE: Coins only, no cash!

[Frank, ruffled, fiddles for change]

ROSIE: Do you have nickels? I am out of those.

[Frank sighs]

[In the compound. The rain is coming down decently hard now. Frank and Margaret are walking with their Japanese parasols, a nurse and an enlisted man are in the background pointing and giggling. Radar appears underneath a rain slicker too big for him.]

RADAR: Majors Burns and Houlihan, sirs?

MARGARET: What is it, Corporal?

RADAR: Uh, sir-ma'am - Mr. Kwok is back from the aid station. He's ready to go to Nanwang-ji whenever you are.

MARGARET: That's Naengjeong-ri, Corporal.

[Radar and the majors appear on the opposite side of the building of Colonel Blake's office. Mr. Kwok is there, dressed in his cloak and rain hat, next to his donkey cart.]

RADAR: Mr. Kwok, majors Burns and Houlihan.

FRANK: Wait a minute. You're Colonel Kwok! What are you doing out here dressed like that?!

MR. KWOK [in faux disappointment]: I was demoted. No opportunities for advancement in the South Korean army.

FRANK [actually believes it]: Oh! No doubt.

MARGARET: We're ready to go, Mr. Kwok.

MR. KWOK: Okay, hop in.

[The majors get into the cart, while Mr. Kwok gets on the donkey's back. The majors wrinkle their noses as the donkey starts to pull.]

[In Henry's office. Now it's just Henry, Hawkeye, and Trapper.]

BLAKE [softly]: Well, we got rid of the majors. But the party's over. Got to stay vigilant now. Radar's on the radio waiting to hear from the civvie plane, and we've got to be ready for any eventuality.

HAWKEYE: It's not the flooding I'M worried about. We've known water up and down each sleeve in Crabapple Cove whenever the St-Croix River flooded. It's the plane I'm worried about.

BLAKE: Yeah, I know. But there's nothing we can do about it. All we can do is prepare to clean up whatever happens.

TRAPPER: Wait a minute. I have an idea.

[He walks out to Radar's office. Puzzled, Hawkeye and Henry follow him.]

TRAPPER: Radar, we've got to call the airport in Seoul.

RADAR: Who?

TRAPPER: Get this thing going, get Sparky to put you through to Kimpo. We need somebody with a better radio than what we've got.

HAWKEYE: Right! We don't need all that junk Frank ordered, we just need to be sure the crew lands safely.

RADAR [turning the crank]: Yeah, Sparky?! Radar. We need you to put us through to the Kimpo Airport! It's an emergency!

[An administrative desk. A USAAF officer gently picks up the phone.]

USAAF Administrator: K Fourteen. Lieutenant Groenhof.

RADAR: Lieutenant?! M*A*S*H* four-oh-double-seven! **[he whispers to Trapper]** What do we need?

TRAPPER: We need to know the heading and bearing of a civilian cargo plane headed for Nanjeong-ri.

RADAR: Uhhhh, we need to find the heading and bearing of a civilian cargo plane.

[flashback to Kimpo desk] GROENHOF: What is the airport of departure and the airport of destination?

[back to Radar] RADAR: Uhhhh, we don't know what airfield it is from, and it is not landing, it is just headed for Nyangjing-ro-

HAWKEYE: Naengjeong-ri-

RADAR: Naengjeong-ri!

[back to Kimpo desk] GROENHOF: To whom am I speaking?

[back to Radar] RADAR: Ra- Corporal O'Reilly! I'm the company clerk here at the M*A*S*H*!

[back to Kimpo desk] GROENHOF: May I speak to your commanding officer, please?

[back to Radar's office. He shrugs and hands the phone up to Blake, who is standing behind him] BLAKE: Colonel Blake here.

[back to Kimpo] GROENHOF: Colonel, Lieutenant Groenhof.

[back to Radar's office] BLAKE: Lieutenant, we're expecting an airdrop of emergency medical supplies. Now I know there's an air exclusion order, but we want to know the location of this plane.

[back to Kimpo] GROENHOF: You do not know the airport of departure of this aircraft?

[back to Radar's office] BLAKE: ... Japan, somewhere!

[back to Kimpo] GROENHOF: And you mentioned a waypoint called Naengjeong-ri, correct?

[back to Blake] BLAKE: Yes! But they're not landing there!

[back to Kimpo] GROENHOF: I do have any coordinates for that waypoint, Colonel. Where are you, approximately?

[back to Blake. He shrugs hopelessly]
BLAKE: A few miles north of Seoul, I guess?

[back to Kimpo] GROENHOF: Please hold while we check the radars.

[back to Blake. He moves the phone a little away from his ear and shrugs again] BLAKE: They're looking for it.

[Radar slumps his cheek into his propped-up hand. Hawkeye drums on his curled-up knee. Trapper stands by Henry, stoically.]

[back to Kimpo. Groenhof's desk is empty. He then returns to it with a paper in his hand. He picks up the phone.] GROENHOF:
Colonel?

[back to Blake. He puts the phone tighter up to his ear] BLAKE: Yes, Greenov?

[back to Groenhof. He sighs and shakes his head a little] GROENHOF: Colonel, I've just received a telegram. The airfield in Japan was late sending us the flight orders for this aircraft.

[back to Blake] BLAKE: What can you tell us?

[back to Kimpo] GROENHOF: This aircraft has been loitering in the airspace over Ulleung Island, off the eastern coast. They have been waiting to receive an exemption to the air exclusion order from command. They were granted authorisation about six minutes ago to enter Republic of Korea airspace. They will be making a pass over Naengjeong-ri from the southeast to drop their cargo and then are required to immediately turn back south to land at Kimpo.

[back to Blake] BLAKE: Anything else we should know?!

[back to Kimpo] GROENHOF: They may be running low on fuel, and they may be slower

reaching their destination, on account of bad visibilit...

[At that moment, a leak in the ceiling dribbles down into the earpiece of the phone. Henry slowly looks up at the water stream. He hands the phone back to Radar while stepping away from it]

BLAKE: Do we have any spare buckets, Radar?

RADAR: Igor promised to deliver me some.

BLAKE: Where is he now?

RADAR: Scraping the burned synthetic bacon bits off of them.

[We cut to an image of a civilian C-47 flying into dark clouds]

[We then cut to Mr. Kwok on his cart, with majors Burns and Houlihan. They are entering Naengjeong-ri. Mr. Kwok stops the cart in a dirt traffic circle with a well in the centre, shabby houses on all sides.]

FRANK: Well, what now?

[Margaret rolls her eyes] **MARGARET:** We have to RECRUIT the locals to help us, Frank.

MR. KWOK [smiles]: I know all of the houses whose owners have wagons and strong sons who can help us carry these supplies.

[Mr. Kwok then proceeds to point at seven different houses, rattling off the names of their owners in a flurry of Korean syllables. Frank's mouth is agape with

bewilderment, Margaret just stays silent at first.]

MARGARET: Maybe you and I should go, Mr. Kwok. Major Burns can find some OATS for the donkeys.

[She shoots an annoyed look at Frank. As they walk off, there is a thunderclap and lightning flash.]

[Back at M*A*S*H* 4077th. It is pouring outside now. It is almost completely dark outside. Hawkeye and Trapper are in the Swamp.]

TRAPPER: Wouldn't you know it? We get the rest of the afternoon to ourselves, and we can't even have a martini.

HAWKEYE: Meh, I've got a hump full of Henry's gin. Besides, I don't feel like hustling out to Naengjeong-ri on a full stomach of booze.

[In Radar's office. Radar is wearing the telephone earpiece while scribbling on a form. The audience hears nothing, but Radar's eyes slowly begin to look to the ceiling. Colonel Blake casually comes out of his office.]

BLAKE: Any news, Radar?

[Radar says nothing, but continues to look at the ceiling.]

BLAKE: Radar?

RADAR: Listen.

[after a moment]

BLAKE: Yeah, it's really pouring on that roof-

RADAR: No - wait for it...

[The audience can now hear the distant sound of airplane rumble. Henry's jaw drops a little.]

RADAR: They're high up there.

BLAKE: That's too high for them to make a pass to drop supplies. They'll never see Naengjeong-ri.

RADAR: They're dropping out of the clouds, they're turning around for another look.

[The rumble begins to fade. Henry and Radar both jump up and start to run outside. Blake is out the door first, Radar behind, but Radar forgot to take off the headset. He is stopped like a dog on a leash, and fumbles to take off the headset and throw it onto his chair. When Radar finally gets out to the compound, he finds Henry, Hawkeye, and Trapper.]

TRAPPER: Well?

RADAR: They went behind that mountain.

BLAKE: Hopefully they have their landing lights on, so we can see them.

[A few moments pass. The four of them are watching the sky, behind the viewer. We cut to a shot of some enlisted men huddling under one big poncho, looking up at the sky too. We cut to an image of eight small donkey carts, their drivers holding hanging oil lamps casting the only light, as they walk along a country trail. Some of them begin to point to the sky.]

[back to the four at M*A*S*H* 4077TH]

TRAPPER: Look!

[The landing lights of an airplane appear from behind the distant mountain. But there is no sound.]

HAWKEYE: No noise.

BLAKE: The lieutenant we talked to in Kimpo said... [his voice trails off. Hawkeye and Trapper turn from looking at the plane, to looking at Henry.]

BLAKE: ... that they may be running out of juice.

HAWKEYE: In other words, they're crashing.

RADAR: Owww, do you have to put it like that?-

TRAPPER [more to himself than to Radar]: They're goin' down.

BLAKE: Radar, get on the P.A.! Corpsmen, nurses, get the anesthetists into the O.R.!

RADAR: Yes, sir! [He runs back into his office. We follow him in as he leaps into his chair, and turns on the microphone.]

RADAR: Attention!! All personnel!! Nurses and anesthetists to O.R. right away! Corpsmen, report to Colonel Blake in the compound!

[Doors begin to open. Nurses and corpsmen begin running out of the same tents, putting on their ponchos as they exit the doors. We then cut back to the donkey cart train. Margaret and Frank are huddled together next to Mr. Kwok. They look up to see the C-47 silently glide over them in the direction of the camp.]

FRANK [matter-of-factly]: Hey, it's the Airborne! I didn't know there was a glider operation going on!

MARGARET [her voice trembling from the rain]: It may be gliding, Frank, but it won't be airborne for long.

FRANK: Hey, wait - that's the cargo plane! There's nowhere to land up ahead!

MR. KWOK: There will be in a few moments.

[The sound of the rain is joined by the sound of metal on rock. From the compound, Trapper, Hawkeye, and Henry are watching.]

TRAPPER: They're right over there!

[The three of them begin running through the rain to see flames in the distance.]

HAWKEYE: They're in that little side road off behind the minefield! I used to take nurses back there!

BLAKE: But the roads are locked down! We can't drive an ambulance down there!

TRAPPER: Look!

[Trapper points to the plane, where it carved out a trench as it crash-landed. The trench is filling with water, like a river. The flames then die away from the plane.]

BLAKE: The fire's out!

HAWKEYE: Well, there's some good news.

TRAPPER: If we can get something that floats, we can go right through the minefield to pick up the crew!

BLAKE: The rain's washing away the fuel, there shouldn't be an explosion.

HAWKEYE: What do we have that floats??

BLAKE: Can we build a raft out of the aluminum siding?

HAWKEYE: Aluminum siding?!

BLAKE: The aluminum siding that I wanted for the extension of my office. QC delivered it, but HQ didn't approve the extension.

TRAPPER: Never thought I'd be pleased with one of HQ's decisions before. Come on, Hawk!

[The three of them run around the building to the outside of Henry's office]

HAWKEYE: This is it?

BLAKE: That's the stuff.

HAWKEYE: How are we ever going to build a raft out of this?

BLAKE: It doesn't need to be complex, all we need is to make ninety-degree bends inward a few inches on each side, and we can lay some lumber planks over for a platform.

TRAPPER: Are you sure you should be doing all this lifting and leaning, Henry?

BLAKE: No, not with my lower disc the way it gets when it rains. **[winces while resting his hands on his knees]**

TRAPPER: Didsbury! **[snaps his fingers at a corpsman passing through the compound]** Give us a hand with this!

DIDSBURY: Whattya need, captains?

BLAKE: Private, give these two a hand. I need to get an aspirin from my office.

TRAPPER: Get a hold of Zale, find us a hammer with the claws on one side, we need to bend the ends of this sheet o'metal at ninety degrees. We're going to want at least a hundred feet of rope too!

HAWKEYE: Never thought we'd be going into business together as construction workers.

TRAPPER: Or SeaBee medics, for that matter.

HAWKEYE [spitting out some rain]: Do we have to do this here? Let's move this into Radar's office.

TRAPPER: Yeah, good idea.

[The two of them lift the sheet metal over to Radar's office. They knock on the door,

and Radar runs over and opens the door for them]

RADAR: Captains, what's this about?

HAWKEYE: We're joining the navy, Radar.

RADAR: What?!

TRAPPER: The plane's crash-landed.

RADAR: Oh golly!! [puts his hand to his mouth. Henry emerges from his office.]

TRAPPER: Radar, get on the P.A. and ask Zale for a dozen lumber planks, six feet each.

RADAR: Got it.

BLAKE: Working out a solution, are you?

HAWKEYE: We're going to need something to paddle with.

BLAKE: There are still some shovels leaning against the wall outside.

TRAPPER: That's the best we've got.

[We cut to a dark rainy scene as the door to the supply tent opens. Didsbury comes out with two hammers in his right hand and a roll of rope around his left arm, followed by Zale with wooden planks under his arms.]

[A knocking sounds from outside Radar's office.]

ZALE: Special delivery!

BLAKE: Come in, Zelmo.

[The door opens, Zale begins talking before he's fully inside]

ZALE: How many times have I told you not to call me "Zelmo" - oh, I'm sorry, Colonel.

BLAKE: Your commanding officer, Brooklyn.

ZALE: People need to make things easier on themselves - call me "Zee"!

HAWKEYE: How would you like to zail on da zee, Zale?

ZALE: Huh?

TRAPPER: Thanks, Didsbury. Zale, we need you two and Radar to help us manoeuvre this thing.

ZALE: What is this thing?

HAWKEYE: It's going to be the raft that takes us to the plane. It crash-landed in the flooded area of the minefield.

ZALE: I thought that sounded a little close to be thunder.

TRAPPER: Look, we can row ourselves to the bird, but once we load the wounded onto it, it'll be slow-going rowing back. That's why we needed you to bring a rope. If Hawk or I can row while you three pull, we can get back faster.

BLAKE: I just hope there's anybody left to save on that bird.

TRAPPER [sighs]: Either way, we can't leave them there. Alright, look, we need you to make a hole here on the aluminum to tie the rope through. We bend up the edges at ninety degrees by a few inches. Then we lay the planks on the other side.

DIDSBURY: Shouldn't we tie the planks down?

TRAPPER: Ideally.

HAWKEYE: We don't have time to make this thing seaworthy.

RADAR: I've got twine we use for wrapping parcels!

HAWKEYE: Will that hold in the water?

TRAPPER: For a little while, I think.

BLAKE: Okay men. Let's get to work.

[Radar's office door opens, and light pours out into the compound. Hawkeye, Trapper, Radar, Didsbury, and Zale emerge with the raft, and head towards the minefield. Henry, Nurse Kellye, and four corpsmen, each with a gurney, follow behind.]

BLAKE: Alright, I'll be in O.R. and three nurses are in there along with Ugly John. Once you've got the wounded on solid ground, get them in there as fast as you can.

TRAPPER: Let's see how well this floats first.

HAWKEYE: Gently!

[The five raft-bearers slowly lay the raft upon the mouth of the creek leading across the minefield towards the C-47]

RADAR: It works!

ZALE: When was the last time you said that?

BLAKE: Alright, men, let's concentrate here!

[He puts his hand on Hawkeye's arm and shakes his hand as Trapper tries to sit on his shins on the raft]

BLAKE: Good luck.

HAWKEYE: Might be just what we need. We didn't see how hard this thing landed.

TRAPPER: Look! It's intact!

[Trapper shines his flashlight over the aircraft]

BLAKE: Fire damage - but no explosion.

RADAR: Hardy American bird!

ZALE: Like my broad.

TRAPPER: Alright, get on, Hawk.

HAWKEYE: You three, hang on to the line. I don't know how wobbly this'll be - whoa-

[Hawkeye gets on and the raft bobs. He and Trapper dip their shovelheads into the water and begin rowing towards the C-47. The enlisted boys keep slacking the line off. When the raft reaches the plane, Trapper stops its movement by putting his hand against the fuselage.]

TRAPPER: Okay, Hawk, I got the light. You do the triage.

[Hawkeye, with his limber body, easily climbs in through the rear starboard hatch of the plane. He begins climbing over boxes with parachutes attached with "SANDBAGS" stencilled on them. He finds one man sprawled on the ground. The man is breathing labouredly. Trapper, following him in, hears the breathing and shines the light down from on top of crates.]

TRAPPER: Sounds like rib fractures.

HAWKEYE: No kidding.

[He puts his hand around the man's hand. The man grips it in return.] His hands work, so his spine is intact. Do you think you can make it out?

INJURED CREWMAN: [inaudible]... nano?

TRAPPER: I think he's Japanese, Hawk.

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS [hoarse whisper]:
Teinosuke?

INJURED CREWMAN [lifts his head]: Toshio.

TRAPPER: No no, you'd better stay still.

[Teinosuke, wincing, rises from the floor, with one hand over his ribs, and grimacing, points to the direction the voice came from.]

HAWKEYE: Trap, give us a hand!

[Trapper sets his flashlight on top of a crate, and the three of them begin moving dehumidifiers out of the way, to reveal another Japanese crewman buried underneath. Trapper gets his flashlight again and points it down at Toshio.]

HAWKEYE: Looks considerably worse... blunt force contusions, broken ribs...

TRAPPER: Awww, Hawk, look at his ankles.

HAWKEYE: Ayghh.

[Suddenly, a spark sounds and Teinosuke holds over a glowing flare.]

HAWKEYE: Oh, good! Thanks! Trapper, take the flashlight and check on the pilots!

[Trapper leaves Hawkeye and Teinosuke and begins finding his way forward to the cockpit.]

TRAPPER: Hawk! These two had better take the raft first!

[We cut to the scene of two horribly wounded USAAF lieutenants laying on the raft with Hawkeye kneeling over them.]

HAWKEYE: Easy, not too fast!

[We cut back to Trapper in the plane. He is injecting a syrette of morphine into Teinosuke. He finishes injecting, and looks out to Hawkeye. The raft reaches the land and the corpsmen prepare to shuffle one of them onto the gurney.]

CORPSMAN: Which one goes in first, Doc?

HAWKEYE: Can't tell out here, it's too hard to see. Henry will know. Kellye, go with him, Trap and I will look at the pilot. Don't worry about the crewmen, they can wait.

ZALE: Non-life-threatening, huh? Those are some tough wiry lugnuts in there.

HAWKEYE: Alright Trapper, can they load themselves?

TRAPPER: Come on... Tinosukey?

TEINOSUKE: Teinosuke.

TRAPPER: Alright, into the boat.

[He gestures to the raft with his left hand while helping Teinosuke with his right arm.]

TEINOSUKE: Toshio -

TRAPPER: Yeah, let's get him beside you here.

[With Teinosuke in the raft and Trapper still in the plane, they lift Toshio onto the raft. Once Toshio is laid down, Teinosuke collapses next to him with a sigh.]

TRAPPER [mutters, half to himself]: You're a tougher boy than I am when it comes to those ribs, Teeno. Fell out of a tree when I was nine, broke two ribs and I was a basket case for three weeks.

[We cut to O.R. Henry is standing over the co-pilot on the operating table.]

BLAKE: Wow, what a mess.

UGLY JOHN: You think you can save him, Henry?

BLAKE: Some of him, maybe.

[Hawkeye, Trapper, and the corpsmen arrive with the pilot and the Japanese crewmen.]

HAWKEYE: How does he look, Henry?

BLAKE: Bad - really bad. And the others?

HAWKEYE: The pilot isn't much better. The cockpit ate a load of tree limbs on landing.

UGLY JOHN: Who are those two?

TRAPPER: Toshio and Teinosuke.

HAWKEYE: Japanese volunteers.

UGLY JOHN: Conscious after the landing, eh?!

TRAPPER: A lot of broken ribs, blunt force injuries, nothing unsurvivable.

BLAKE: Can the nurses work on them, captains?

[Just then, a soaked Margaret and Frank burst into O.R.]

BLAKE: Where the hell have you two been?!

FRANK: We saw the plane crash!

MARGARET: We got here as fast as we could.

FRANK: We ditched Mr. Kwok's cart and ran back.

MARGARET: And Major Burns slipped in the mud and broke his wrist.

BLAKE: Oh, for PETE'S SAKE, FRANK!

FRANK: Colonel!

BLAKE: This is on you, Frank! None of this would have happened if you hadn't tried to order all those useless supplies!

MARGARET: It was for the good of the outfit, Colonel.

HAWKEYE: Margaret, get these two into X-ray, Nurse Hardy's in there now. See what you can do about plastering their ribs together. Bring them back and let me have a look at Toshio, he likely has a concussion.

MARGARET: Which one is Toshio?!

HAWKEYE: That one!

MARGARET: Alright! I need to set Major Burns's wrist anyway!

[The corpsmen take Toshio to X-ray followed by Margaret and Frank holding his busted wing.]

[We cut to a shot of two men lying in post-op. Their torsos are completely encased in body-casts, except for their nostrils and lips. One of them is missing an arm. We then cut to a shot of Hawkeye and Trapper in the Swamp. They are lying on their cots, each with a martini glass on his chest. It is wet outside, but it is becoming light. Trapper opens one eye a little.]

TRAPPER: A little hair of the dog?

HAWKEYE: Mmmm?

[Trapper slowly leans himself up in his cot]

TRAPPER: I'm going to take a shower.

[He sticks his pinky into his martini glass and uses the gin to wash out inside his ears]

HAWKEYE: You go first. I'll catch up after the hot water refills.

P.A. GUY: ATTENTION CAPTAINS MCINTYRE AND PIERCE! PLEASE REPORT TO COLONEL BLAKE'S OFFICE AT THE EARLIEST CONVENIENCE!

TRAPPER: Is the earliest convenience 'now'?

HAWKEYE: Ugggghhhh, might as well. **[Hawkeye leans himself up. He gets up with the help of a pair of crutches.]**

TRAPPER: Slip in the mud last night?

HAWKEYE: Nah, I grabbed these before I went to bed. I knew I wouldn't feel like standing up in the morning.. is it morning?

TRAPPER: I dunno, my watch got leaked on, it's stuck at 4:13.

HAWKEYE: I thought that was Frank's watch you borrowed.

TRAPPER: Oh yeah.

[Henry starts to sit down behind his desk, as Hawkeye and Trapper enter the office]

BLAKE: Happened to your leg, Hawk?

HAWKEYE: I deep-fried it.

BLAKE: Gents, I want to thank you for your fine work last night. Nurse Hardy, Houlihan and I looked at our two Japanese friends, and they're good enough to be released. A chopper is going to take them to Kimpo this afternoon and from there they fly to Tokyo.

TRAPPER: And the pilot and co-pilot?

[Henry grimaces, and pours himself a shot of vodka]

BLAKE: The co-pilot's lucky his arm is all he lost. The both of them are stable, but their faces took a lot of glass and wood splinters on the crash-landing. I think their jaws might work again in a few months,

but they'll need major reconstructive surgery if they're going to have a chance of seeing again. In 48 hours, they go to Kimpo, then to Tokyo, then Fairfield. They'll smell San Francisco Bay before they ever see it.

[Henry downs his drink]

HAWKEYE: And Frank?

[There is a pause. Silence is broken only by Radar softly entering the office.]

RADAR: I got the recommendation type forms for you, Colonel Blake sir.

BLAKE: Thank-you, Radar.

[Radar leaves as Henry groans and clears his throat from the vodka] I take it neither of you want me to commend you to Clayton?

[Trapper gently shakes his head with shut eyes]

HAWKEYE: Hot Lips is a brass insider through him, she'll never let him give us the mention.

[Henry sighs]

BLAKE: Maybe. But there's no way Major Burns can explain his way out of this one.

[He gives the captains a weak smile]

Okay, dismissed.

HAWKEYE: I changed my mind, I want a shower now.

[The captains leave the office. Henry finishes the shotglass off, and begins to write on the form Radar left him. We hear the sound of the closing buffer music as it fades from Henry looking down towards the audience on his desk as he writes]

[Opening buffer music. Hawkeye and Trapper are lazing on their bunks. Radar enters the tent excitedly.]

RADAR: Guess what, captains?!

HAWKEYE: Igor's been shipped out?

TRAPPER: The shower tent's been fixed?

HAWKEYE: Better yet, the shower tent's rip is growing?

RADAR: No, guys! Lieutenants Bloedel and Thornberry landed in Fairfield. They're both stable, and they've both been awarded Purple Hearts and Distinguished Flying Crosses.

[Both Hawkeye and Trapper cheer, and they leap up to slap Radar on the back. But he's in the way of the doorway, and Frank storms in.]

FRANK: Out of my way, corporal!

HAWKEYE: We're in the way too, Frank.

[Frank doesn't answer. He just begins unbuttoning his shirt.]

HAWKEYE: Frank, what's that on your shoulder?

FRANK: Oh, mind your own beeswax!

TRAPPER: Looks like a couple of wrinkles on your collar.

FRANK [angrily yammering really fast]: A man can only try, a man can only do so much for this man's army, and it gives me nothing for it! What's the point of joining the army if there's no medals, no money, and no promotions? At least the SHOWERS are free!

[He flings his shirt onto the floor and storms back out, with his towel over his shoulder. The three watch Frank disappear, and then they slowly approach his shirt. Hawkeye picks it up by the back of the collar with two fingers. He slowly lifts it up to reveal to the audience the pairs of bars on Frank's collar in place of the oak leaves. Hawkeye and Trapper smile smugly at each other. Radar is agape.]

RADAR: Captain? Captain Burns??

[End credits]